

F L O S
BRITANNICVS
VERIS NOVISSIMI
FILIOLA
CAROLO & MARJÆ

N A T A
XVII MARTII Anno.
M.DC.XXXVI.



OXONIÆ
Typis LEONARDI LICHFIELD
Academiæ Typographi.



TO THE QUEENE.

Great Queene,

HE joyes you bring us, without wrong
Could not be left out in our Mother tongue.
We would (if that we could) in duty vie
Languages with your Royall progeny.
But you will this way Banquerupt our store,
That we shall now be faine to call for more
Professors of the tongues, who may expresse
Our duty t^e you in each ones severall dresse.
Yet when all's done may then confesse this too,
That they come short of what we owe to you.

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THat Children are like Olive-branches, we
 Tooke for a figure, now t'was prophesye. (count,
 Your Births, great Queene, haue made a new ac-
 Who bring not forth some Olines, but the Mount.
 And we who wisht your Table halfe way round
 Beset with them, doe now behold it Cround.
 Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet
 The King we see can his owne Court beget.
 Nay in the first world's Age, he that could doe
 Like him, was father of his country too.
 When in that dearth of subiects, Kings were fayne
 First to beget their Kingdomes, and then reigne.
 When their owne Offspringe, were their people; and
 One familie both fill'd, and made the land.
 But I speake Treason to say Princes bloud
 Can e're run into people. Tis a floud
 Euen in the fountaine. Small streames loose their name;
 Such births like th' Ocean are still the same.
 No number makes them priuate; we may call
 Not All one nation, but nation's All.
 For as I've seen the Arke drawne like the wombe
 Of the foure Empires, and the world to come,
 Out of whose mid'st hath sprung a Mystick Tree
 With every branch a Genealogie,
 Not of some house, but of the world; This bough
 For Europe, that for Africk we alow:
 And all the other smaller twiggs there seene
 Haue stood for Iles, or Countries, so great Queene
 From you, as from the Arke, nothing can be
 Borne lesse then Kingdomes, or a Monarchie.

Your

Your paines are all imperiall, and your throwes
 Can bring forth nought that is not Great. Yet those
 For Daughters still haue thus more publique bin,
 That you by them, to Christendome lye in.
 Your Sonnes may make us safe, but we the while
 Must be a world diuided, still an Ile.
 We shall be now oth' Continent, this sex
 Will make't all one to conquer, or annex.
 To be alied will bring, what some in vayne
 Hope for by th' sword, a vniuersall Raigne;
 Which yet wee may despaire of, since we see
 Europe, to Match Yours, will want Progenie.

I. MAYNE. of Ch. Church.

Great Sir,

Successe't your Royall selfe, and us.
 Wee're happy, too, in that You're happy thus.
 For where a Linkt Dependance doth Sates blosse,
 The greater's fortune doth still name the lesse.
 Can we be Losers thought, when for a Ray
 Or two subtracted, wee've receiv'd a Day?
 When heav'n, for those few pieces of our Ore
 It tooke, sends in th' Elixir to our store?
 And (Mighty S) one Graine of yours cast in
 Turnes all our drossy copper, and our tinne,
 Hatching to Gold those Mettalls, which the Sunne
 It selfe despair'd, and only left begunne.
 'Tis then disloyall envy to repine:
 We have lost some Bullion, but have gain'd a Mine.
 If Scepters may have eyes, (as 'tis not much

Amise

Amiſſe to grant them eyes, whoſe foreſight's ſuch)
 This Birth ſo Soveraigne, ſcatt'ring health each where,
 May well be ſtyl'd your Scepter's baſam teare.
 Witneſſet that grieve your Queene did late endure,
 Bleſt be that pittie, which doth weepe, and cure!

Your Iſſue ſhewes you now, as in due ſpace
 Five glaſſes juſtly diſtant would your face;
 Where one ſtill flowing beame illuſtrates all,
 Though by degrees the light doth weaker fall:
 And we thus ſeeing them ſhall thinke w' have ſpi'd
 Your Highneſſe only five times multipli'd.
 And this proportion'd order makes each one
 Only a ſeverall ſtep unto your throne.

Linkethus receiving Linke, may not we men
 Say that the Golden Chain's let downe agen,
 Which by a ſtill ſucceeding growth doth guide
 Vnto that Chaire, where the Chain's head is ty'd?
 Th'are then Your Selfe leſſe copy'd. For as ſome
 By paſſe, as 'twere, doe ſend each Vertue home
 Vnto the Cauſe, and call it That: ſo wee
 Reducing Brookes to Seas, Fruit to the Tree,
 Conclude that theſe are You, Who, when they grow
 Vp to a ripneſſe, will ſuch vertues ſhew,
 That they'll be our example, our rule too;
 For they hereafter muſt doe ſtill as You.
 Be they then ſo receiv'd: 'Tis others lot
 To have Lawes made; Yours (Great Sir) are begot.

And ſomerhing too (great Queene) I was about
 For You: but as it ſtuck, and would not out

For

Flos Britannicus

(For wee, who have not wit propitious, doe
Travell with-verse, and feele our Braine-pangs too)
A nest of Cupids hou'ring in one bright
Cloud, did surprize my fancy, and my sight:
This flock hedg'd in her cradle, and Shee lay
More gracious, more divine, more fresh then they.
Each view'd her eyes, and in her eyes were shovne
Darts farre more pow'rfull, though lesse then their own.
These Venus eyes (says one) these are
Our mother's sparkes, but chaster farre:
And Thetis sylver feete are these,
The Father sure is Lord o'th seas.
Faيرة one (saith this) we bring you flowers;
The Garden one day shall be Yours:
We are your Cheekes these; and when you doe
Venture at words, you'll speake 'em too.
That weyle that hides great Cupid's eyes
(Saith that) must swath Her as shee lyes:
For certaine 'tis, that this is shee,
Who destin'd is to make Love see.
Let's pull our wings; that we may drowne
Her gracefull limbs in heav'nly downe;
But they so soft are, that I feare
Feathers will make impressions there.
May shee with love, and awe be seene,
Whiles ev'ry part present's a Queene;
And thinke, when first shee sees her face,
Her Mother's got behind the glasse.
This said, a stately maid appear'd, whose sight
Did put the little Archers all to flight:

Her

Veris novissimi.

*Her shape was more then humane: such I use
To fancy the most faire, the most chaste Muse.
And now by one swift motion being neare
My side, shee gently thus did pull mine eare;
Th'emerit ancient warbling Priests, and you
Nothing beyond Collect, or Ballad doe:
Dare you salute a starre without try'd fire?
Or welcome Harmony with an harsher Quire?
Raptures are due. Great Goddess, I leave them:
This subject only doth besit your penne.*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT
of Ch. Church.

Blest Queene! who in these times of woe, and moans
Hast had a share, and Sympathiz'd in groanes
Now may our drooping spirits take heart to see
The land revive 'i' th Queene's delivery:
Now may we chide those gadding dames, more fear'd
To stay at home, then with the sicknesse scar'd:
Whose humorous expences, their undone
Husbands, return'd to Prisons, not their home:
Nor may those walls, but to their shame, be seene,
By them forsooke, replenish'd by the Queene.
What shall we then for these high favours say?
What tribute? Or what Loane deny to pay?
Since what our state can to the Coffers bring,
Cannot requite th'least blessing from the King.
From him, whose offspring beyond chaunce, or state,
Will make this lland more then Fortunate.

Her

When

When we the Prince (to our great joy) shall see
 Tracke his dread fire, in steps of Majesty:
 When honour shall him, and th' Duke joyntly move,
 To gaine themselves renowne, their sisters, love,
 When Potent Monarchs, shall desire from farre
 To fixe within their Spheare, a Brittish starre,
 And it shall be confess'd, our Court hath hurl'd
 A glorious constellation, 'bout the world.
 When with their number, and their beauties, wee
 May twitt the Graces, tell them they 'Pe but three.
 Then glory in this Princess, which doth bring
 Vertue, and life, and sweetnesse to the spring.
 Nor can I Iudge, which is the welcom' st Birth
 This to a People languisht, that to th' Earth.

PRÆ. BRADSHAWE L. L. Bacc.
 è Coll. Divi. Io. Bapt.

LA Phabus depuis sa resourse
 Estois sur le suell de sa course,
 Quand il cognut qu'en une nuict
 Le Printemps aviez produit,
 Et couvert, depuis la veprée
 De fleurs le portail de l'année,
 En mariant avec vos Lis
 Les Roses de ce Paradis:
 Dont iataux, il a son Amie
 Aussein de maint rayon ferie:
 Elle en enfante chasque iour
 Quelque nouveau fleuron d'Amour:

Mas

Veris novissimi.

*Mais l'esmail de tant de prairies,
Et des champs les tapisseries,
Cedent a ceroyal Bouton;
Il est bien d'autre extraction:
Qui en veut scavoir l'origine,
Cerche dans le ciel sa racine,
Parmy cent Astres lumineux,
Qui ont les noms de ses Ayeulx,
Qui de la Paix le Coryphae,
Qui ausy l'honneur de l'espée,
L'Astre luisant par ses escrits,
Et le Grand, Phanix des Henris.*

*Dieu vous gard' Reyne du Parterre
Des plus rares Fleurs dela Terre;
On la douce haleine des vents
Ne laisse flectrir le Printemps,
Et Amour en Prince d'abeilles
Fait voir cent petites merueilles:
Les Graces sont ses auant-traits:
A sa suite un eskeing d'Attraits:
OuvreZ, ie voy son Equipage:
Madame, il vous vient faire homage.*

● JEAN POINGDEXTRE, dela
Societé d'Excestre.

TO you Great Queene our Muses sing,
That giue example to the spring,
We must commend the modest earth
That hath detain'd her childrens birth,

TiB

Till she might iustly learne from thee,
 Choice rules for her fertilitie.
 Your Daughter's cheekes, make her disclose
 Her Lillies, and her fragrant Rose:
 And from her lookes she now hath found,
 vnhear'd of flowr's to deck the ground.
 Her well taught Bosome scornes to yeild,
 Those common people of the feild:
 Varieties shall court the sent,
 And pay the Queene what she hath lent.
 But these gay flowr's, when they are dry,
 With bended heads implore the skie,
 Out of her vast and spacious store,
 To giue them tear's, to cry for more.
 The flowr's which on your Infant are,
 Haue o're each banke a melting star,
 And if it fetch an angry groane,
 Hath dew distilling, of its owne.
 The flowr's which your faire stemme doth beare,
 No rugged transplantation feare,
 For in your Coach lay'd by your side
 They'l make a garden where you ride.
 Thus are you doubly blest'd, and in one night,
 Made Mother to a Princeesse, and delight.

MART. LLEWELLIN. of
 Ch. Church

WHEN stormy March, like to Iudea's King,
Resolv'd to kill the Infants of the spring;
And unto Boreas gave a strict arrest,
To teare the blossomes from their Mother's breast;
Faيرة Flora then, whose very heart was torne
To see her offspring dead as soone as borne,
With cheekes bedew'd, drawes neare the Tyrant's throne
And on her bending knee thus makes her moane:

Great Sir (quoth shee) if you vouchsafe to spare
The early beauties of this pregnant yeare,
Aprill consents that for a whole moneths space,
No hand but yours shall sway his flowry mace.
And in your raigne, shall such a Rose-bud spring
As may be worth the rancome of a King.

Her suite, and her embrac't; hee giues command
That all his windy Legions disband;
Save only Zephyre, who hath leave to stay,
And keepe the feild, with Flora's flocks to play.

During this calme, when all things were at peace,
When hostile winds and tempests did surcease
By Land and Sea, in Albions royall bower
Was brought to light that promis'd princely Flower:
Which, who so sees, may sweare it, at first glance,
An English Rose, graft on a stock of France.

Thus when the gate of warre was shut at Rome,
The Prince of peace did fall from Mari's wombe:
That Prince, who turn'd our swords to pruning hookes,
Our pointed Lances into shepheards Crookes.
And you, sweet Babel (if I coniecture may
By March his smoothnesse on that happy day,

When

When you were borne) shall Mars his fury charme,
 And make him change his armour for your arme.
 Dare any Prince annoy this Empire, then
 When you are growne, wee need not muster men:
 For should he but your awefull beauty meete,
 Hee soone would lay his helmet at your feete.
 Three Realmes united were in Charles before;
 And his three Daughters may unite three more.

TRIST. SVGG B. Art. Mag. &
 Coll. Wadh. Socius.

YOUR Daughter is borne old, her wee retaine
 (Scorning each Muse) as Midwife to our Braine,
 Whose Issue therefore only is of worth,
 Cause you receive it, and shee brought it forth.
 Although no ruffian starre did blaze her Birth,
 Very instinct did strike such Loyall mirth,
 Into our soules, that wee conceiv'd wee were
 New borne too, and had Bodies free as ayre.
 Wee fanciesd Heaven on Earth, to our blest eares
 The Infants cryes were charming as the speares.
 Each sense was heavenly ravish'd; wee did say
 That the Queene's bosome was the milky way.
 Nor is this narrow joy, each foraigne Earth
 Shares in the fruitfull blessing of this Birth.
 For God, (when Kings shall graft upon our Stemme),
 Sends us a Princessse, but a Queene to them.
 So that in this no single Birth was due,
 The Queene was pregnant with a Kingdome too;

And

And by this vast increase you will appeare
 To plant your selfe and Scepter every where.
 Till your faire Line Posterity shall see
 Contract all Realms into our Monarchy.
 The Glorious presse of foraigne Kings shall send
 Their Crownes to wooe; nor need wee more contend
 With forces for a conquest wee shall prove
 Victorious now not by the sword, but loue.
 For Births of other Kings list'd with these
 Are at the best but Royall prodigies.
 The wombe is our Exchequer, this Isle stands
 Richer in such reuenues, then in lands.
 Wee'le crosse the Proverbe then; tis better now
 To have two Cradles going then one Plough.
 O may the Queene to deck your Glorious Spheare
 Teeme with such Constellations every yeare.
 And in each sexe transcribeyour Godly frame
 Vntill the Preist be puzzled for a Name.
 That so your lively Image may be seene
 Lesse numerous in your Coines, then from your Queene.

R. I. WEST, Bac. of Arts and
 Student of Ch. Ch.

WEE are oppress'd with blessings, and so fast
 Come on our joyes, that they confound the hast
 Our thanks would make, and force us to bee
 Euen in our best designe our gratitude, (rude
 Which when to manifest wee but begin
 For one, another blessing straight steps in,

And

Flos Britannicus

And puzzles our deuotions, so that wee
Are m^ax'd even at our owne felicity;
That Laden thus wee haue no shift to make,
But gazing on each other, kneele and take,
And blesse that fruitfull Vine, whose Royall shade
(The only shelter that our hopes haue made)
O may it ne're be blasted but still bloome,
And bud so fast, till all the Pallace roome
Be fill'd with Princes, the Court-Royall prove
A perfect coppie of the Court above;
Where all are Princes, and each head beset
And compass'd with a Glorious Coronet.
Such living Forts (Dread Sovereigne) thou hast rear'd
That above all thy Bull-marks will bee fear'd;
These are quicke fortresses, and I'le be bold
To say, thy children are thy strongest hold.
May you be blest with many more to stand
(Great Sir) like arrowes in a Gyant's hand.
Such weapons euer from danger safely hemme,
And blest the King, whose quiver's full of them.

Io. MORGAN Coll. Oricl. Commensalis.

WHat meaneth these joyes, before our Caesar's day,
When first his Scepter hee began to sway?
Why does our zeale outrunne the yeares and
A Twenty Seventh of March tenne dayes before? (score
Tis you (blest Queene) who change the celebration,
Thus crowning him before his coronation;

Since

Since by your travailes multiplied, you bring
More subiects, thus you make him more a King.

THO. SMITH. Art. Bacc. Reginensis.

T Was in the Fates, sweet Babe, that thou didst stay
Vntill the fairest Goddesse sent her Day
To light thee forth; when Venus prov'd to bee
The Midwife, left her seat of Maiesty,
And chose t' inthroned her selfe within thy face,
As in her Chappell; thither throng'd each Grace
With a New beauty; and the Nymphs did hye
To make thee up another Deity.

Greatest of little ones, yet mayst thou grow
Sill greater; with thy Mother mayst thou know
New vertues still; till thou, with her, be one,
Whose Graces are beyond Comparison.

JOHN. WINDEBANK Fellow
of New-Colledge,

WEE are outvy'd great Queene, and must con-
Wee now are silenc'd in our happinesse. (fesse
And may suspect acceptance, when you see
Our joyes admit such an Epitome.
When all our Flames are cold, our Poets sit
Now Barren growne, and destitute of wit.
As if their bumble Muse desir'd to shew
Nought but the Queene can fruit full be, and grow.
By whose repeated Issue we become

Thus

Thus dry and barren is conception,
 Each Emulous tree most willingly affords
 Tribute in Leaves, but only wee want words.
 The Ayrie Citizens with busie noyse
 Vpbraid our dumbnesse while we want a voice.
 All in a Loyall Emulation spring
 By the Example of the Queene and King.
 Only our selves unactive are, and prove
 Silence the best expression of our love.

Most Gracious Queene you doe not only blesse
 This Kingdome with your Grones, and fruitfulnessse,
 But take advantage of the times, and place,
 To make us so much happier by your Race.
 When the poore City's dumbe within her walls,
 And no noyse heard, but that of Funeralls:
 When the fine City-Madams all are gone
 Coach't out of Towne from the infection,
 Dreading those purple spots, yet euery day
 On Breast, and Cheekes worse artificiall lay:
 You only dare returne, whereby from thence
 Wee hold disease cannot hurt Innocence.
 The little Royall Infant does appeare
 Just as a Pledge for the ensuing yeare:
 Brings health into the world; wee all did see
 The Bill decreas'd at her Nativity.
 The number's now compleat, and every Grace
 In the three sisters challenge equall place.
 The yeare's reviv'd againe, and may the King
 Still by his Issue thus beginne the spring.

That

*That wee hereafter may no season know;
But what the Queene does by her children show.*

HVM. HVLL. Ch. Ch.

Art. Bacc.

I
ASTRE dor, & d'amour en La plaine etherée,
Qui composez de voix, et de pas mesurée
Vne danse sans fin, de grace dictes moy
Où sont evanouis voz doux airs, et voz Graces:
Maintenant est et eint le beau teinct de leurs faces
La vostre est sans beaute, vostre empire sans Loy.

2
Deesse de Paphos, cedeZ tous voz merites
A la mere d'honneur, mere deZ trois charites:
Trois Graces en ce temps voyent, et donnent le jour,
Aiant quitté les cieux, et vostre compagnie,
Pour deesse ont chosi la Royale Marie,
Qui a plus de vertu, que vous n'avez d'amour.

3
Peintrez pardonnez moy, si je di que l'art erre,
En nous representant sur le bois, ou le verre
Aux Graces ses deux soeurs l'autre tournant le front,
Ceste enfantine Grace, et novellment née
A ses Royales soeurs: sera comme enchainée
Regardant de mesme oeil que les deux aultres font.

4
A longs traits succotteZ les pommes maternelles,
Voz Roses et ses Lis admirant en jcelles,

Depeints

Flos Britannicus

*Depeints d'un traitt naïf divinement hardi.
Croissez Royalerace, et ainsi que Lucine
Au monde le chemin vous a ouvert benine
Vostre orient se forme en un plus beau Midi.*

HEN. LUCAS du Coll. de l'Vniversité.

Dread Maiesties,

NOW Y^e have increas'd your offspring with a Fift,
And put our barren wits to many a shift.
Shall wee an Omen from the Number take?
'Twere easy thence some new conceipt to make.
Five is mysterious, and 'twas ever said;
That number's sacred to the nuptiall bed.
But folly 'twere this Number to commend,
As if wee wish't You here might make an end.
No; May you on to Higher numbers thrive,
For every greater s' Happier then Five.

Io. Penruddock. Armiger. à Coll. Reg.

GREAT QUEENE; Thy last birth-joyes unusuall bred,
When every one lamented, and had shed
His yearely teare
For those that were
Martyrd in our Saviour's stead:
And now (to curb the insolence of time)
'Tis made a Law what was before a crime,
To let Mid' lent
In mirth be spent,
And th' Fast give place to Complement.

ROB. ELLIOT.

SO pleasant shines the aire, when some cleare beame
 Strikes through a tempest in a lightsome streame;
 And gilds the falling drops; as our hearts doe
 Chear'd by the influence they derive from you.
 For 'tis your benefit (great Queene) we heare
 Something from London that we need not feare.
 Your name so charmes infection, that we dare
 Presse nigh, and love the commerce of their ayre.
 And thinke the subtile poison ceas'd, since farre
 The Births are greater then the Burialls are.
 Your bounteous wombe in one has given more
 Then we did loose in thousands heretofore,
 Whilst nigh those loyall Plagues (as starres endure
 Midst the sicke meteors) you remain'd secure.
 Lucina with the Thunderer's Queene now smiles,
 Snatching her glad torch from the funerall piles.
 The nightly Bonfires which did sadly glow
 Late Emblemes of our griefe, doe cleare us now.
 Sick sighes are turnd to ioyfull shonts, and knels
 Drown'd in the better language of the Bels.
 The teares first meant for sorrow, at the noise
 Of this new birth breake into suddaine joyes.

And now we doubt not why the Month is seene,
 So early clad in flowers, and uncouth Greene.
 Earth imitates her Princessse, from whom growes
 A forward spring, the Lilly and the Rose,
 Your fruits in this young beauty, such as are
 Buds of that naturall white and blush you weare.
 So did the infant Venus smiling Eye,
 So lookt Diana's cradled Majesty,

As

Flos Britannici

As does that springing excellence which wee
In this faire seedplat of perfections see,
For that our humble Muse so often paies
Her vow'd deuotions to the Queene that swaies
Your Geniall bed, that we our joyes rehearse,
So oft our Poems seeme an Anniverse.
'Tis cause your mind teemes and is great, which wee,
Find now too close pent in one Maiesty.
You breed by Emanation, as our heart
Conceives a vertue, or our braine an art.
And should wee say you breed their soules, in this
Your offspring scarce could suffer prejudice.
Your worth is so diffusive, so more good
Your royall mind, then great your royall blood,
That in this Paragon of greatnesse, wee
Lesse priZe our Princeesse then your Progeny.
Pale Lent now feare's to loose its name, and bee
By this new birth stil' d the Nativity.
At which our heart such cheare affords, that wee
Dare breake the statute thus in Loyalty;
And make it, doubtfull whe'r the late feast may
Be term'd for a new cause, Our Lady day:
This is the way to enlarge your Charles, if any,
Who cannot be more great, to make him many.
Whose vertues are so perfect, would you trie
To adde, 'twere vaine, unlesse you multiply:
Your Sonnes those greater lights our Spheare suffice,
Yet those faire starres must make your beames to rise
In foraigne lands; when one of them shall sway
The Kingdomes where the fruitfull Nile does play
Another

*Another visit the Peruvian shore,
And teach the Spaniards lesse to prize their Ore.
The third shall make the Easterne gemmes more cleare,
And spices sweeter by her being there.
When Charles shall spread through every throne, and bee
Catholick King in his large Progeny.
On then faire Queene) and be you pregnant still,
Till such bright maids of Honour rise to fill
Your spacious Courts, and your deliuery
Make you more great; till that our King shall bee
Our people; and our mother city shall
By such great births be more imperiall;
That after times may justly thinke it true,
'Twas call'd the mother city first from you.*

GEOR: BATHURST M.A.
Trin. Coll. Soc.

Now we may safely venture, since the time
Makes dulnesse, vertue, which was once a crime:
'Twere sinne to study ioy now; for the Lent
Command's us to obey, not complement,
Fancy might breake the fast too, and 'tis fitt
Not only we abstaine from flesh, but wit.
It was the art of favour, to dispense
This blessing in a season, when th' offence
Of not proclaiming it would cease, for some
Had rather be not happy, then not dombe.
As if 'twere an affliction, to employ
Their thoughts, to write the blessing they enioy.

it

It is contrivance here, not chance; there is
 No choiser pface to the yeare then this.
 Faire Flora unto you gave the first place;
 That from your offspring, her's might have more grace;
 And when shee decks her selfe in greatest pride,
 She doth but faintly Image, what shee eyd
 In your faire selfe, those sweets which nature yeilds
 To you, shee shadowes in lesse beauteous feilds.
 She copied out the rose from your choice frame,
 Which falling short, some say looks red for shame.
 Thence shee a patterne for the libbies tooke,
 And doth confesse her flowrs spring from your look.
 So by reflection when ere you passe
 Men spy a garden growing in the glasse:
 One thinking to come nearer, with a stroake
 He both the looking glasse and flowers broake.
 These made of immateriall ima'gry,
 With vaine delight please, and delude the eye.
 But 'tis the wit of bounty, we confesse,
 To make their errour our true happynesse.
 You in a living glasse more lowly are,
 This breathing transcript doth excell as farre,
 That airy copie, as we doe admire
 Your eyes, two inspher'd starres, 'bove painted fire.
 Behold your Infant selfe, and there see grow
 Two roses planted in warme beds of snow.
 'Tis beauty's dawne in her, in you I may,
 Were I so bold a criticke, call't faire day.
 For as the mounted sunne out shines the morne,
 So fixed maiestie light newly borne.

For hence you may review your Cradle face,
Each circumstance agreeing, but the place,
And the degrees of lustre, you will find
Here only the rich casket of a mind:
Imperfect draughts may please, and some take more
Delight to see the gold in it's first ore.
That in this holy shrine no Saint appears,
Is not the want of Deity, but years:
So love, though amongst the Creations he abode,
Till of full age, was not created God.
The vertues are times Daughters, shee may owe
Her face to nature, reason must bestow
By your example these, and shee transpire
You into life, good out of choice, not force.
You see the easy method we have tooke,
The story of your vertues makes the booke:
You doe instruct our hopes, what we expect
In you, we wish her, and 'tis prophecy.
Thus may you oft be borne againe, till wee
By frequent trials shall learne Poetrie:
Nay till we barren prove, and like to those
Who in their owne defence recovred in prose,
And though we yearly see new copies, may
The faire Originall know no decay,
But like unto the sunne, not shine lesse bright,
And time not wine, but confirme your light.

DVDLY DIGGES. M.A. and
of All-soules Coll.

Dread

DRead Queene, your pardon; 'cause we dare present
 Your court with such old-fashioned complement,
 With wit as stale as a Præcisiſian's text,
 With Epicæne conceipt ſit for each ſexe.
 Truth 'tis we are ſo dried, that could we get
 All the court beere, it would ſcarce make us wet;
 And (which in part the cauſe we muſt not wine
 For ſooth: the ſpring and health forbids the wine.
 And now your ſelfe almoſt with leſſer paine
 May bring your iſſue forth, then we ours ſaigne:
 So that ere long your Lady-wiſe will cry
 God ſend the Schollers ſafe deliuey.
 Yet ſomething ſhould be ſaid, nay muſt: for know
 'Tis not our duty only that we owe,
 But a plaine debt, and a good cauſe we thus
 Viſit you, is, you firſt did viſit us.
 Vs, in a time ſo dangerous, it had bene
 Flat treaſon to haue wiſh'd to ſee the Queene;
 And had not heaven watch'd ſentinel with our care
 Farre better then the rugge-gewnes who goes there,
 The ayre we breath'd had more all prov'd, the cry
 Of Vivat Rex cunnig conſpiracy.
 Yet you (ſtill gracious) then would ſee our ſport,
 (Being antidote indeed for the whole court)
 See? yes, and praife, and lead th'applauſive noiſe
 Of your ſweet traine by your owne hand and voyce:
 Nay at that time of night our ſcene you'd keepe,
 When others, ſeeing noe ſoole, e'ne fell aſleepe
 Can wee remember this, and ceaſe to bee
 Mindfull of you, or your deliuey?

No

No, you have so farre bound us, 'tis our care
 To thinke on you, sans all set formes of prayer;
 Wee'le now professe our selues, without Church-tyes,
 Without iniunctions your poore votaries:
 Wishing your Babe farre holier then the time,
 That as shee's now, so may shee in her prime
 Be temperance it selfe; when wee'le consent
 To learne by her example to keepe Lent.
 Wee'le pray too that the people, seeing you,
 May follow and each yeare prove fruitfull too;
 Encrease and multiply their love, and via
 To every child a freewill subsidie;
 Wee also will be reeming too, and trie
 Our best with you and them for maiestie:
 But oh! our cheifest praier shall bee, you may
 Both, both overcome, Such loosing winnes the day.

AB. WRIGHT Art. Bac.

Coll. Ioan.

DID euer King so loue his Realme
 Behold for every sense a Theme,
 What object more can blesse the eye,
 Then CHARLES, that little deitie,
 When I but kisse faire MARIE'S hands,
 My touch is Soveraigne and commands.
 And if of pretty lames I heare,
 Methinks I wish my selfe all care.
 Elisa's sager smiles I tast
 And Ioue's Ambrosia is but maste.

Who

Who would not be a legall Guest
To such a glorious merry Feast?
Then to my forth all sweets doth bring
This Rose and Lilly of the Spring.

Did euer King so loue his Realme?

Behold for every sense a Theame.

G. CROKE Equus Auratus

Filius Col. Ioan.

I am not much sollicitous to know
Whether in true be mystery or noe,
Not criticall to find how much you blesse
The State by th' method of your fruitfulnesses
It is enough of blessing that you say
You are againe safely deliuered:
There we are happy, and although perchance
Some may throw out away at circumstance,
Yet this the News from which we comfort gather,
Y' haue made the King once more a Royal Father.

Another Lady's borne, whose very cry
Is thought to be compos'd to Harmony,
One that weepes beauty such as doth remaine
Vpon the little violet after raine.

A body of a temper so refin'd
As it were but the breathing of 'tis mind,
So al-diune we know not how to shew
It's value, but by saying 'tis like you.
Another Coppy of your selfe, which when
We thinke upon with reverence, how then

Should

Should we adore and kneele and haſt to call
Hea'n mercifull for the Originall

I. WITHERS. A. B. of Bal. Col.

Wonder not why Lyon March,
Which vs'd with horrid blaſts to parch
Our veileleſſe feilds, ſo gently ſmiles,
And with a May-like face beguiles.
A Lyon's nature ſtill he brings
Thus fawning on the Blood of Kings.

RICH. AMHERST of S. Johns.

IF euer March brought with't a PriZe to be
Fit Ransome for imprison'd Maieſtie,
Then now it has, beſtowing on the King
A giſt worth more then Diamond-duſt can bring,
Duſt to a Deity ſublim'd, a Spirit
Shot from two Royal Parents, Borne't inherit
Their vertues too within, as well as thoſe
Graces without, the Lillie and the Roſe,
Already blowne in each Cheeke, to deſcrie
(Without the uſeleſſe Art of Herauldrie)
Her Princely Parentage; The ſparkling eye
Roaling 'twixt Grace and aweſfull Maieſtie;
The ſweet ----- But ſtay, enough; Enough to make
The ſtoutest Prince a priſ'ner for her ſake;
For by her Beanty we ſhall Captin'd ſee
As many Princes as her worth can free.

HUMPH. MAY New Col

SEE how th' officious Spring (great Queene) doth
 To waite upon your Bed, nor dares retire *(strine*
 Vnlesse you shew the way, which done each flower
 Strives to enlarge it selfe in that same hower
 That gaue your Infant breath, that all may see
 They're loyall to their Prince, as well as wee;
 Nature is thus your Vassayle, and you doe
 Command not men alone, but seasons too.
 The Chizill now may rust, the Pencill drie,
 Your living pieces now suffice the eye;
 Pieces (great Sovereaigne) which as well are sent
 For your munition, as your Ornament;
 When ere you are provok'd by forraigne Tarrs,
 These will be found the sinews of your Warrs;
 Others may Navies, we your Issue boast,
 The kingdom's strength lie's now within doores most.

H. BENNET. of Ch. Church.

HAyle thou most blessed Babe, whose grations birth
 Hath with a second Spring enrich't the earth.
 Let not Arabia boast two springs alone,
 Now, Lady, you are borne w' have two in one.
 Great Queene, your often births doe us so blesse;
 That they upbraid the earth of barrennesse,
 'Tis more to beare a Princessse, then a flowre,
 Her sweets are lasting, this dies in an houre.
 And plants come best to Kings', whose bright leaves doe
 Present their names inscrib'd, and their joyes too.
 And since her birth the Spring hath honour'd so,

Let

Let the spring pay the service shee doth owe.
Let every leafe officiously flow
To make a Bath for her, with streames of dew.
Rock her not in a cradle, but a bowre,
On which let Flora spend her Art, and store.
Let it be interweav'd with lasting greene,
And be enamel'd with a flowre betweene
Each twigge, that thence it may afford delight
Equally reaching to the smell, and sight.
Let it be arched with a Canopie
Of violets, and so 'twill seeme a skie.
Where if a Primrose here and there be stuck
The leases will dart forth rayes, and starre-like looke.
May the Spring's Chaster Sweets, and Virgin grace,
Be alwaies in her breath, still in her face.
And may the time of her Nativitie,
The Embleme be of her Fertilitee.

S. JACKSON. of Ch.Ch.

Welcome blest Herauld of Diviner power,
Whose silver trumpet, maks each care a bow.
To entertaine the Princeesse; be still mute (er
Amphion hearing this thy sweeter Lute
By piece-meale breake, kindle it to a flame
And sacrifice thy skill to her, whose name
When but repeated, shall command more hearts
Then thou could'st stones: what vertue Sol imparts,
May be supplied from her; for every thing,
Puts on the glory of a suddaine spring.

As

As from her influence, what was heretofore,
 In sad attire, now is enamell'd o're
 In pleasant bray'r'd, in the newest dresse,
 And all to speake her welcome, and confesse.
 Shee hath bestow'd it; in each lease there lyes
 A pearled drop of dew, as if such eyes
 Th' had got to see her, falling from that blisse
 Turne to perfume, hoping thereby to kisse
 Her Rosie Lips, the Choristers that sing
 In Echo-sounding woods (had not the King
 As yet forbidden) would chant forth her name.
 Great Æolus proud to encrease her fame
 Keepest in his high March winds, lest that their Love
 By striving who shall first salute her, prove
 A further danger, Neptune sent a Tyde
 Up London Thames, which at the high'st, with pride
 Of such glad tidings, hasted backe againe
 To acquaint the Sea-green Nymphs, they from the maine
 Dismiss a silent floud, to testifie
 Their loves have drown'd their language, all the frise
 Is stricken dumbe there, whilst with us on land,
 This Saint-like Child, hath on the other hand,
 Wrought contrary effects, for here you see
 Who scarce before read verse, now versifie:
 And through the favour of her sacred flame
 Suffer'd 'mongst Poets, now to have a Name.

ION. HULL. EQ. AUR. FIL.
 A. B. EXON.

I know

I Know that some, pufte with a wider dresse,
 Will make yours now, the Labour of the Presse:
 Who thinke true wit in a small Print is lost,
 And he the only subject, that writes most:
 Such as can calculate in Chronogramme,
 And, though ne'r meant, dare Prophecy the Name:
 They know what Realmes fall into th' Elder lapps,
 What into this: They reade them in the Mapps.
 I who am blest in this Arithmetick,
 That I can tell Your Issue, and ne'r stick
 To wish 'em more; who neuer understood
 What Fate was yet, but know Theirs must be good,
 Pray your two Males in their iust fates accord,
 Charles beare the Scepter well, and Iames the Sword:
 May your two Lady Starres (who seeme to be
 Your Frame at large, though in Epitome)
 May they Both proue Queenes in their Infancy;
 But let This yeild, before it can say, I:
 Kings sueing then be it Her Fate Alone
 Thus to be woo'd from th' Cradle to the Throne.

A. RAMSAY of Ch. Ch.

WHat is our King o'recome? we thought his side
 Would by a third sonne have beene fortifi'd.
 According to the course; but now 'tis seene
 He that nere yeilded, yeilds unto the Queene
 It is noe ill news yet: for since heav'n will
 His royall offspring should all Nations fill,
 'Tis easiest thus: Now Kings will hither hast,

Eager

Eager to offer up their Crownes as fast
 As to gaine New-ones, and thrice happy hee
 Whose is accepted; your posterity
 Aving the world whom Kings themselves shall feare
 And thinke it death to be received here.
 The Number's now compleate, Venus hath sent
 Three Graces to us for love's stablishment,
 Wonders already they begin to doe
 Making Logicians turne Poets too.
 They now provide, and will againe next time
 Reduce a Syllogisme into Rime.

Blest be our King who so the Muses feeds
 With copious subiects, so new Muses breeds.
 Let her be like her Mother. Who can say
 Or thinke Her more: 'tis all the King can pray.
 Yet though shee be (as 'tis our only prayer)
 Like to her Mother, vertuous and faire
 And all that's good: yet shee must needs still be
 Below her farre in her posterity:
 For none hereafter will an husband find,
 Such as shee hath, to propagate her kind.

TH. ISHAM. of Ch. Ch.

Blest Lady whose auspicious birth
 With earlier beauty cloath's the earth,
 And makes our Aprill sooner farre
 Read in the Feild then th' Calendar,
 Disdaine not that with ruder note
 I sing thy Birth-day to my Oare,

Lucky

Lucky sometime hath beene the Quill,
And swaines in Augury have had skill,
In Mars his month, and Venus morne
Most happy omen to be borne,
When Mars declines his furious rayes,
And Venus Calends nameth the daies,
It bodes the Lion yeelds to th' Dove;
Warr's Deity to that of Love.
That as thy Birth-time swaies the yeare,
And makes March winds soft gales to cheare
A forward spring, we may presage
Thy Prime shall calme this blustering age.
That Europe's Princes hot for fight,
To revenge wrongs, more then get right,
At newes of such a Peerelesse dame,
May melt into a gentler Flame
And such a sweetnesse when they see,
May thence affect no prize but thee.
That Germany Warre's Sable field
Be turn'd to Vert and faire Springs yeeld.
Speares may grow Sheephookes; Townes be seene
Where late their Carcasses have beene.
Wilds may returne to Downs, Lambs breed,
Where nothing now but Vultures feed;
Where Drum and Trumpet now affright,
The Pipe and Tabour may delight,
And swaines may chaunt soft straines of thee,
A Deity farre more deare then VICTORY.

CHARLES MAY of St Iohn's.



THE PRINTERS HVMBLE
GRATV LATION.

Dread Sovereigne,

Since Your free love to th' *Muses* is so great,
That eu'n their *Servants* feele its kindly heat;
Let me to You my selfe in thanks addresse,
Vntill You set's on Worke, Still stood the Presse;
Our Poets since Your Coming will not sing
Vnlesse Cum Priuilegio, For The KING.
The *Muses*, who had euer barren beene,
But for th' Example of Your Teeming *QUEENE*,
Are growne ambitious now to waite vpon
Your Graces in Your Fift Edition.

May still this Spring flow in Your fruitfull Lowe
That I may all my FOVNTS of Letters proue.

LEONARD LICHFIELD



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